

Should I try death by dussions: I am inop't,  
 Food tooke I none these two daies:  
 Sipt some water. I have not closd mine eyes  
 Save when my lids scowrd off their bine, alas  
 Dissolve my life, Let not my fence untrile  
 Least I should drowne, or stab, or hang my selfe,  
 O state of Nature, faile together in me,  
 Since thy best props are warpt: So which way now?  
 The best way is, the next way to a grave:  
 Each errant step beside is torment. Loe  
 The Moone is down, the Cryckers chirpe, the Schreichowle  
 Calls in the dawne; all offices are done  
 Save what I faile in: But the point is this  
 An end, and that is all. *Exit.*

*Scena 3. Enter Arcite, with Meate, Wine, and Files.*

*Arc.* I should be neere the place, ho. *Golden Palamon.*  
*Enter Palamon.*

*Pal. Arcite.*

*Arc.* The same: I have brought you fooode and files,  
 Come forth and feare not, her'es no *Thefeus*.

*Pal.* Nor none so honest *Arcite*.

*Arc.* That's no matt'r,

Wee'l argue that hee easter: Come take courage,

You shall not dye thus beastly, here Sir drinke

I know you are faint, then le take further with you.

*Pal. Arcite,* thou mightst now poyson me.

*Arc.* I might.

But I must feare you first: Sit downe, and good now

No more of these vaine parties; let us not

Having our ancient reputation with us

Make taike for Fooles, and Cowards, To your health, &c.

*Pal. Doe.*

*Arc.* Pray sit downe then, and let me entreate you

By all the honesty and honour in you,

No mention of this woman, e' will disturbe us,

We shall have time enough.

*Pal.* Well Sir, Ile pledge you.

*Arc.* Drinke a good hearty draught, it breeds good

*Doe*

Doe not you feele it thaw you?

*Pal.* Stay, Ile tell you after a draught or two more.

*Arc.* Spare it not, the Duke has more Cuz: Eat now.

*Pal.* Yes.

*Arc.* I am glad you have so good a stomach.

*Pal.* I am gladder I have so good meate too't.

*Arc.* Is't not mad lodging, here in the wild woods Cosen

*Pal.* Yes, for then that have wilde Consciencs. (I see,

*Arc.* How taste your vittails? your hunger needs no sawce

*Pal.* Not much.

But if it did, yours is too tart: sweete Cosen: what is this?

*Arc.* Venison.

*Pal.* Tis a lusty meate:

Giue me more wine, here *Arcite* to the wenches

We have known in our daies. The Lord Stewards daughter:

Doe you remember her?

*Arc.* After you Cuz.

*Pal.* She lov'd a black-haird man.

*Arc.* She did so; well Sir.

*Pal.* And I have heard some call him *Arcite*, and

*Arc.* Out with't faith,

*Pal.* She met him in an Arbour:

What did she there Cuz? play o'th virginals?

*Arc.* Something she did Sir.

*Pal.* Made her groane a moneth for't; or 2. or 3. or 10.

*Arc.* The Marshals Sister,

Had her share too, as I remember Cosen,

Else there be tales abroad, you'l pledge her?

*Pal.* Yes.

*Arc.* A pretty broune wench t'is: There was a time  
 When yong men went a hunting, and a wood,  
 And a broade Beech: and thereby hangs a tale: heigh ho.

*Pal.* For *Emily*, upon my life; Foole

Away with this straine mirth; I say againe

That sigh was breathd for *Emily*; base Cosen,

Dar'st thou breake first?

*Arc.* you are wide.

*Pal.* By heaven and earth, ther's nothing in thee honest.

*Arc.*

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